after the native manner, of incredible gods and austere nude humans and distorted twisted trees. Or he would be racked with pain and unable to work, in such moods brooding over the world's lack of recognition, the delayed or missing mails, the shortage of francs which might cheat him of paint and canvas or tobacco. He would dash off one of those grim letters, the expression of such a mood, which taken together and read without understanding, give so untrue an impression of the great man's life.

For his old neighbour knew the other side of his nature. There were days when they two would go off together down the road to a Frenchman who cooked superbly the " omelette baveuse " that the exiles' soul loved. There were times when he would show his friend that faded photograph of his children which they found among his few possessions at his death. And lastly there were occasions

when they would remember together*
that far oft
native land of France which Gauguin
never forgot,
for the last picture which he painted,
among the
vivid hues and under the blazing sun of
the Mar-
quesas, was of the roofs of a Breton
village huddling
under snow.